# THOUGHTS

## ESSAYS AND LYRICS

P. E. SCARBOROUGH

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Mrs Smedley,
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July 1917

*BELL'S LIFE BOOKS*

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## ESSAYS AND A FEW LYRICS

BY

F. E. SCARBOROUGH

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## FOREWORD

These thoughts were written at intervals during the years immediately preceding the war. The sonnets have been written since war broke out.

F. E. S.

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# THOUGHTS

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We should never anticipate impressions.

Go to sleep in your mind.
It is to the unconscious mind God speaks.

The landscape, this morning, was as beautiful as the smile on the face of a beloved person. Over the gate in the hedge, the tender blue of the sea drew one's gaze, meeting the paler, cloudy blue of the sky in a misty distance of infinite suggestiveness.

As I beheld divinity through so thin a veil of earthly loveliness, I thought—To know much or little is nought. To feel God, to be responsive to love and beauty, that is all.

It is what we are in our inner consciousness that makes the world for us.

Choose always the simplest form for the expression of your ideas. The great have no time for the elaboration of means. They have such faith in the intrinsic merit of their ideas that they desire to present them as nakedly as possible, not to obscure them with unnecessary ornament.

Dare to be completely simple.

To the sincere, sincerity is unmistakable.

Never tack human opinion on to exhausted inspiration.

To retain the consciousness of God after death, is the limit of desire. All happiness is contained in *feeling God*, in looking up in His face for ever and ever, in becoming swallowed up in the divine.

Individual consciousness has been at the root of all bitterness here, and we should surely not wish to perpetuate it. The escape from that, the plunge of our little stream of self-consciousness into the ocean of Divine Love, that—that is heaven, my brothers, and the only heaven.

Foolish people think that the attainment of worldly recognition would make them happy.

The real tendency of worldly recognition is to

make us unhappy, for it tempts us to think of self, and unessentials, instead of fixing our aims on being, and real worth. It tempts us to grasp at the shadow and let the substance go.

*Let every man apprehend that the substance of being great is completely satisfying in itself, and does not require any shadow of worldly recognition to enhance it.*

Let him find sweet peace in this knowledge, and resist the efforts of the world to deflect his aim.

If recognition come, the only safe course is to ignore it. Thus shall a lasting happiness be gained.

Life is a spirit, not getting things done.

The title for a book :—" The Plaint of Great Men " ; (being an Imaginary Conversation between Sir Francis Drake and The Informer). Comparing the position of great men of the past with that of those of the present day.

A discussion of the injustice and blindness of public faithlessness ; of the great soul's illimitable capacity for achievement denied opportunity for realisation. That for a great man the impossible does not exist, and the measure of the odds against him is the measure of his certain triumph if allowed to cope with them in his own way. Of his right to do his greatest, unhindered, in the public good.

I will find a way to root out abuses.

The most delightful and astonishing experiences await the man who is true to himself, if he prove himself worthy to profit by them.

The only real failure is failure of spirit.

Never disown yourself.

It may be you can only arrive at your goodness through your wickedness.

It is not by saying "No" to the wrong thing, but by saying "Yes" to the right thing that we make progress.

The influx of inspiration can never be anticipated, it comes so completely as a gift. Each fresh wave reveals more certainly man's infinite possibilities, and constrains a deep sense of obligation to God, Who, in spite of unworthiness, continues to load him with such marvellous blessings.

O God! is there anything in the world but Thee? —my sun! my life! my joy!

The universal is our tonic, the personal our poison.

A creed is a moral strait-jacket for which the morally sane have no need.

My creed begins with God, and ends with God.

Churches are primarily, manufactories of hypocrites.

The field of the universal,—of good,—of God,—is so infinite that a lifetime of apprehension is as nothing in which to explore it.

To seek to investigate evil, therefore,—to probe selfishness and sophistication, is an insane waste of life and intelligence.

It is peering into darkness with the sunrise behind us.

Judged by this test the greater part of the literature of to-day must disappear.

Many, many a day have I spent in heaven, sitting alone in my room, with the sun streaming in at the window, colouring all my dreams with its golden light.

I have sailed over trackless oceans on adventures heroic and glorious beyond the possibility of

actual happening, spiritual voyages, in which the soul projects itself into the realms of imagination, and realises all its grandeur.

## *A PRAYER.*

Dear God !—the Inspiration and Object of my love,—suffice for me always as You do now.

Let me understand that nothing ill can happen to me as long as I cleave to You.

O God ! Help me to realise the nothingness of earthly things, that success and failure are but *words*, that the one gift that is worth having is Your spirit, and the one real end in life, to be true to oneself.

No dross of the particular must spoil our universal.

Do you doubt ? It is because you are turning your back on truth.

It is as inevitable to see light, as darkness, when one is looking at it.

The complexities of modern life affect the lower life only. They cannot touch the real, spiritual life of man, which is of a divine simplicity, and has one concern only,—obedience.

Duty is only stern when we are trying to escape from her. It is astonishing what a lovely face she wears when we go to meet her willingly.

Who can complain of a drab existence who is alive to the glories of the skies !

While there are green trees on the earth, can I be unhappy ?

I shall never be rich : people who obey the highest behests of the soul never can be.

I shall never have many friends : those who obey the highest impulses of the soul have no time to cultivate friendship.

Men like Milton, Galileo, Beethoven, were poor and lonely during their lifetimes, no crowds of admirers flocked round them.

The great have no place for friendship except in the corners of life. They have ever a first call on their time in obedience to the law within.

I take to dreams, as people take to drink.

A rather pregnant description of a Raleigh type of idealist impressed me to-day, especially this

judgment :—" His feeling for the absolute warred with his zest for the particular."

That feeling for the absolute has been at the root of the non-achievement in many lives.

We should never succeed in reality if we did not fail in appearance.

Worldly ambition is but an extension of the search after pleasure.

Unless a man feel himself to be nothing, he *is* nothing. So what is the use of inviting appreciation ?—we may not rest in the thought. Better not be tempted to.

The world's good opinion is a devil that robs a man of his being unless he ignore it.

Any other aim than an eternal one causes me intolerable pain.

A great man is often hindered by admiration.

Appreciation is more dangerous to his nature than contempt.

Indifference is the best nurse for unconsciousness.

Every boast that we utter lessens our strength.

It is the wrong way to do a thing, that is difficult, not the right way.

In moments of highest inspiration we know what heaven must be,—a complete absorption of our consciousness in the presence of God, a merging of the soul in the Divine Spirit.

When this state is most nearly approached in our mortal existence, all sense of earthly relations disappears, our human individuality sinks into oblivion, and we are not conscious of any loss, but only of an immense gain. We are *in life;* we have reached the essence of the meaning and significance of all those things that have entangled our affection on earth, and having attained perfection, do not feel any longer the need of partial manifestations of it.

Do you know that disasters fill me with secret joy? I long for them,—I court them,—and yet they never come, or only such partial, surface ones as are incidental to a sheltered existence.

What an agony it is to be full of suppressed power,—to be vast, and have no outlet for one's vastness,—to be possessed with a tyrant imagination, that drives one, drives one,—nowhere!—because it has no legitimate occupation, nothing to exercise itself upon.

One is moved to wish, in one's extremity, that the Germans *might* come, that England might be thrown upon its beam ends, to give each person his chance to prove himself, and his rightful share of responsibility.

The people one should pity are those who have nothing to sacrifice themselves for.

It is not natural to give where there is no demand.

A full pitcher may remain full until its contents are poured.

No man can use himself ; he must be used.

From the personal to the universal !—the meaning of the cry for women's freedom.

There is nothing more wonderful in the history of humanity than the uprising of the soul to meet disaster,—than the feeling, deep in a man's heart, that he is more than a match for any combination of evils,—and the joy, yes, the *joy* that he feels at the approach of impending calamity.

That thrill of exultation is the most exquisite sensation the soul is capable of experiencing, and turns disaster into a triumph.

To-day the clouds were like an angel's robe drawn round the sky. Through the trees shone a white light of morning. In their mist-encumbered branches my fancies caught like singing birds, and cried—Are we not all love-drenched ? Where, where, O man, canst thou look without perceiving the beauty of God, the glory of the Divine that permeates all ?

O God, there is only one upshot of my thoughts, —I love You ! In every form in which You are embodied, I love You ! You are my one desire, my thirst, my peace, my everlasting satisfaction !

We must carry the memory of our shining hours down into the gloom of the materialistic commonplace, and act our highest inspirations without light at the moment.

Avoid the poison of magazines, and light books. Reading is a vicious occupation when the mind is too tired to grasp serious thought, and is reduced to assimilating any journalistic rubbish that happens to be at hand.

Instead, find some harmless pursuit that will

employ your slack moments without making demands on a depleted energy.

The true meaning of leisure is leisure from self, not leisure from work.

Our times of hardest work are often our times of greatest peace.

Never follow outside advice when it runs counter to your own feeling.

I would rather go wrong in my own way, than right in other people's.

To seek to avoid obstacles is foolish. In all circumstances, attack. There is no higher form of prudence.

It is vain to argue with a person of an opposite nature.

I was contemplating a high bank of greenery, glowing golden in the afternoon sun, and thought if I could only continue to gaze at it for ever my happiness would be complete.

Why need there be change ?

Why should I be forced to leave this loveliness, and the light fade off the bushes, when I had found perfect ecstasy in gazing at them ?

The law of change drives us on inexorably, past fugitive joys, but ah ! no man would regret these if he knew that he should continue to taste them in the life after death.

The irremediable tragedy of death is that it should involve an eternal farewell to the glories of nature,—to sunrise and sunset ; clouds, stars, and streams ; the ocean, and the blossoming tree.

And for that there is no consolation.

How many a poor duty I have dropped when seized by a thought. But it has been retrieved again.

Earthly pleasure and recreation should be for the expansion and development of the soul, not to act as its winding-sheet.

There can be no being without universality.

All power is by inspiration, and originates with the Source of power.

Happiness is like a shy child. If we endeavour to attract it, it shrinks away. If we disregard it, and turn our attention to the duty of the moment, it comes up unawares, and walks by our side.

The whole art of the true artist consists in surrender.

The so-called development of modern music is a disease, not a development.

Music should be cosmic, not chaotic. In proportion as it becomes chaotic it ceases to be music.

The modern "method" of expression is *no method*, and that can never express truth, or cosmos. It can only reflect the passing fashion of a blind and artificial age.

Nothing that is stereotyped has any value apart from the manner of its utterance.

The best work is drawn out of men by the needs of the moment, not arbitrarily chosen.

When I feel depressed at lack of opportunities, I must remember the acorns I have seen crushed into the ground,—hundreds of them, each a potential oak tree, yet wasted and trodden under foot.

All through nature the same prodigal waste of life rules. Is it surprising, then, that it should prevail in human life as well ?

I am learning, and that is something !—learning not to achieve, nor to thrust myself forward, but to have patience with non-achievement, and be content to be passed over.

Fly self-pity like the plague !

It is fatal to health of mind to dwell on the thought of being misunderstood.

It matters little what form your activity takes so long as the soul is at rest within itself.

In this world of change there is always another chance. Be true to that chance.

To-day the sound of the wind is like the sound of water poured from a gigantic bucket. Its force and volume thrill one with the sense of illimitable power.

The freshness and clearness of the morning sweep mists from the mind. We feel a lightness, and a desire to run and shout with this racing air that sways the trees, and intoxicates us with the sound of their rustling.

Ah! who,—who could be old on such a day!

The lightest action of a God-inspired person possesses beauty and significance.

Do not seek your fortune. Let your fortune find *you*.

Trust to patient evolution, and build upon that foundation already laid.

Revolution is for babes.

All arbitrary actions must necessarily be selfish ones.

Happiness was meant to be the result, not the motive of action.

If an idea descend on you, bury it deep in the soil of unconsciousness, that it may grow and bring forth fruit.

You must *be* the thing, in order to express the thing.

Strange from what curious sources we derive help.

Such success as I have had the last few days in

rousing myself to action, has been due to the following folk rhyme :—

> "All the Traceys
> Have the wind in their faces."

What there is in this to cause the sudden thrill of joy I experienced in reading it, I know not.

Lord Kelvin's face was a genuine inspiration. It was only an old photo turned out of a drawer, but there was a self-less expression about it, a look of unconscious wisdom that reminded me of losing my life and thereby finding it. Evidently he did not seek himself in anything he did.

There is the difficulty.

Dreams provide an inexhaustible flow of pregnant and glorious happenings, which the mind watches with breathless interest while life wastes itself. To tear oneself from this pageant, and perform practical duties, is a problem in which any assistance is welcome.

How many women,—and men, too,—are suffering from choked vitality owing to the narrowness of their spheres,—have great capacities lying idle,—great souls denied an outlet,—wait lonely in the market-place, with all their wares unsold, and starvation staring them in the face.

Change is a perpetual deliverance.

Never throw people back on themselves.

A single glance of soul-sympathy from another's eyes, how it can dignify a man, how throw him on to the best of himself.

If you want to *be* great, you must give up trying to be *thought* great.

In work there is always worry when the element of competition enters in.

Speeding up is the worst enemy of efficiency.

How tree-tops against the sky fascinate one's gaze. Wherever there are trees against an horizon, my eyes are unconsciously drawn.

A man may be reinforced against himself at an age when it would seem all his chances of improvement must have passed away.

Possibilities which have remained quiescent through lack of soil suitable to their development, may blossom into realisation at any moment of a lifetime.

In the lives of all geniuses there is a great deal of waste.

If you can run off the lines, you can run on them, and the energy that tempts to indulgence will perform your task for you if you allow it.

Our times of surrender to desire are those in which we could work most valiantly if we remained faithful to duty. A little hardening of the will is all that is necessary to accomplish this.

Don't move an inch for the sake of conformity, or for the persuasions of friends.

It is not what others think, but what you feel that signifies.

I often tremble with the desire to impart some joyful thought or discovery, but shrink from doing so from the feeling that I shall lose my own serene possession of it.

The spiritual treasures most deeply belonging to us are those we brood over alone, and cherish in the innermost recesses of our being ;—too esoteric for mention, too sacred for aught but glancing at with the spiritual consciousness, and leaning on for strong support and peace.

Analysis would destroy the fresh bloom of these inspirations; they consist in a new and informing inrush of the Spirit of God.

My cry will always be—"Turn off the gas, and draw up the blinds of materialism, that the sun of the Spirit may flood my soul with light."

Have you probed the profundities of your nature? At the bottom you will find God.

Ideas are God's kisses.

No man ever became good who was not content to be bad.

Never attempt to fulfil expectations in opposition to your own nature.

If I ever possess any friends they shall come to me unsought. What they may do for me shall be done because they are impelled to it, not because I appeal to them.

Sometimes a man is inhabited by a whimsical spirit that sees fun in everything. It breaks into laughter at every contretemps.

This is the natural spirit of health.

O beautiful world!—with the brilliant smile of the sunlight, the sweep of the swift, bracing air, the intoxicating atmosphere of the morning.

To have experienced, once, the rapture of communion with nature, is worth having lived for.

It is no use trying to escape from oneself.

I am good when I can be, and bad when I must be.

Our needs change. The bane of one period may be the antidote of another.

Never act as showman to yourself—even in thought!

The proudest minds are usually the most modest.

No man can serve two masters. He cannot aim, at the same time, to be, and to appear.

Those who would laud the genius are his enemies. They magnify the medium at the expense of the Spirit. Give God the glory! Give God the glory!

This afternoon was of a peculiar stillness. Far away in the forest shone a yellow light, as of the

sun striking through trees, and yet there was no sun.

It was a tree burning golden in its autumnal dress among neighbours of a less vivid glory.

My mood how often—dream-clogged.

The usurpations of the sensual occur when the spiritual man is weak from inanition.

Feed your spirit, then, that it may be strong to defend its rights.

It is wicked to brand a soul before it has had time to develop, to destroy self-respect when a person is only on the threshold of life.

Give youth his chance.

Do you want to know the way to Life ?

The way lies through patience.

He who suffers great falls must make great recoveries.

The only way to avoid doing wrong is by doing right.

Don't attempt to pull up,—change the course,—switch on to a new track!

The greater the mistakes, the greater the qualities they spring from.

A man is never beaten until he thinks himself so.

I enjoy a grey, windy day almost more than a blue, sunny day. To-day the north-east wind blew with a sound like a saw on stone. Spray was blown, like hair, from the crests of the waves, as they roared up the beach. My gaze followed the birds, winging their way across the luminous, grey sky, buffeted, yet triumphant. Surely this iron-like clime is good for a strong people.

Courage is the natural attitude of man. It is the twin brother of simplicity.

Disinterestedness is the quality in which the British excel all other nations.

Only cowardice considers consequences.

Always tackle your biggest enemies. Don't neglect the giants for the pigmies.

Pray not for wealth,—nor for fame,—nor for love,—nor for an easy life ;—pray for responsibility.

Be enormous, have no boundaries, then you will live.

A sharp surprise strikes us amid our fog of trifles, and momentarily dissipates it, when we discover our very selves living and speaking in the person of some Sappho or Plato who existed thousands of years ago.

We suspected ourselves to be the first to experience these thoughts and feelings, and doubted the capacity of those nearest us to understand them, and now see ourselves anticipated by centuries of time.

God ! Thou art a sun Who lights the souls of all men, and to Whom time and space are but dreams of the carnal imagination.

No man can comprehend anything that is not contained in himself.

Only what is written in a universal spirit has any permanent significance.

Unmeasured language is always undignified language.

Beware of emasculation in your endeavour to attain perfection of expression.

Better be rough and strong, than smooth and weak.

Irrelevance is always undignified because it implies lack of restraint.

Don't hang in the wind!

Prefer always to *be* the thing, rather than to ponder the thing.

Never divide your nature by willing one thing while the temperament urges in another direction. A nature divided against itself cannot stand.

No arbitrary effort of will can regenerate a man without the consent of his whole nature; to attempt such an exertion leads to pretence and hypocrisy, and holds awful potentialities of self-deception and conceit.

Good naturally dominates the sincere by its intrinsic, impersonal force rather than by any effort on their part.

If you cannot follow good with your whole nature, do not follow it at all.

When you desire nothing, you will receive everything.

God means you to attain goodness *through* your own nature, not in spite of it!

Never think back on a sin.

Never look back at the pit from which you have just climbed.

Mere inadvertence in falling into temptation can be easily avoided. It is when desire is joined with carelessness that difficulty arises. A painful fall in stony places has no attraction for anyone; experience may, and does, eliminate that.

But the pleasant descent into vales of sensual sweetness when the lower nature *concurs*, this is impossible to combat in any other way than by responding more and more frequently to the higher nature, when the sensual things will cease to attract.

When the higher nature is uppermost we are impregnable to attack. That is a deeply comforting and tranquilising thought.

Instruct a man in his possibilities, not in his perils. All have a too vivid conception of their

dangers and weaknesses, it is of their resources they require to be enlightened.

"O God, give me myself!" should be our prayer.

The worse you are, the better you may be.

Even surrender to sin teaches us something. It teaches us surrender.

Never deny a natural impulse from a false sense of superiority.
No man is really superior to nature.

A great part of our suffering arises from trying to hide our weaknesses.

The genuine know no fear.
Fear is always concerned with some kind of pretence.

How silly to wish to be other than we are!
There is no higher honour attainable than just being what we are.

A really bad day pleases me. When the weather

is definitely raining or blowing, it reminds one of itself, and I like to be reminded of nature.

To-day it is pouring hard, with a cold, gusty wind blowing, and I feel perfectly at peace, gazing out of my window at the grey trees receding in mist against the pale sky. Nature weeps audibly, and seems very near and companionable to my solitude. Presently I may rouse myself to go out, but now I am content to gaze,—to gaze and dream, with eyes on the veiled horizon.

Oh ! the beauty of life without hurry, of life and leisure ! These two ought never to be separated. But what do I mean by leisure ?—leisure from all those worldly aims that destroy our peace, and drive us mercilessly, until life becomes a grievous burden, and we ourselves smaller and meaner every day.

The so-called " society woman " appals one with her affectation and her languishing airs. Her furs, her false complexion, her toy dog, create an impression of artificiality that is infinitely repellant.

" Society " is no place for the simple.

There is always something vulgar about sophistication.

To be worldly is to be vulgar.

The potential qualities of the sexes are identical ;

but differing education and environment produce a differing development. Both are aspects of the same soul.

In our weak moments we pine to be loved ; but it is only necessary to love in order to be happy.

Romance implies high feeling.

The difference between the greedy seeker after pleasure, and the ambitious worldly man, is that the former grasps at the means of enjoyment close at hand, while the latter strives for some less easily attainable indulgence. There is nothing intrinsically nobler in the one than in the other.

There is no sex in mind and soul. In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

Serve innocence wherever you find it.

Weariness and depression are the result of looking down to material trifles instead of up to spiritual realities.

Strange how we ask of circumstances what can only come from ourselves.

Titles and decorations are a curse. They create jealousy in those overlooked, and pose in the recipients.

All artificial distinctions should be abolished.

Better be alone where one's soul can expand, than frozen by the cold, unsympathising presence of others.

Snobbishness is the most offensive of all qualities.

Walk on in your own sunshine.

Charm is spoken of as an elusive quality, but it always springs from something childlike and natural in the individual.

To "grow up," in the sense of becoming sophisticated, is to grow away from charm.

The person who would be misled by appearances, and draw wrong conclusions from hearing the exact truth, could never be a friend. It could never be worth while to stoop to however slight a deception to retain his good opinion.

Your friend must perceive the good in you, and will then be very ready to forgive the bad,—or what he conceives to be the bad.

In all situations act up to your highest conception, even if it fail altogether to be understood of, or commend itself to others.

So is the way forged to greatness and self-reliance.

Regard none of your past actions as precedents.

Never permit fear to drive you into any action. Faith is the proper driving-force.

Life is an advance, not a retreat.

Be royally inconsistent.

No action can be unworthy that is done in the right spirit.

To-day, on the open heath, I drank in the bracing air of the hills. Breezes from the great, bare sky swept past me to the sea beyond, singing a song of careless freedom to the tumbling breakers.

Oh! the glory of spontaneous life, of the wild irresponsibility of all natural things! Compared with this, the pleasures of civilisation are a nightmare, and the bands of convention a dungeon.

The natural man has the best chance of success

in any undertaking. A certain spontaneity, a certain audacity is necessary to achievement.

It does a man more harm to succeed by taking precautions at variance with his nature, than it would do to fail through lack of those precautions.

The activity of the true artist is involuntary, unconscious.

As soon as conscious effort enters in, art ceases.

As for your works, let them *grow*, let them *grow !*

Never dwell on your disabilities.

Flight never saved anyone from anything.

All valour sinks into insignificance beside that which enables a man to rise again and again from the wrecks of his moral self, and proceed on his way undaunted.

The possibilities of a great man remain ever fresh.

In every difficulty a way out is provided, and the way is always on and over the difficulty, never away from it.

If you fail of your endeavour the remedy is not to try harder, but to cease from trying. The right way is always easy.

Often one understands a thing better by glancing at it than by pondering over it.

Never balk yourself of an intended action for fear of physical ill-consequences. When brought to a sudden standstill by the cancelling of a contemplated engagement, the mind cannot immediately get under weigh in a new direction, and while it hangs in the wind, as it were, the devil seizes his opportunity.

The body can endure a surprising amount of hardship and misuse, so long as the spirit remains brave and tranquil.

The cure for restlessness is adaptation.

It is only safe to have a thing when you don't want it.

Indulgence in ill-temper makes oneself more unhappy than the person on whom one vents it.

A man's content deepens as his confidence in himself deepens.

There are no horrors in reality, only in our idea of it.

Sometimes when we feel gloomy and unstrung, it only requires a little action to restore us to ourselves again. I was feeling depressed through over-reading, and accidentally dropped a heavy inkstand on my foot. On recovering from that my ill humour had vanished, and I felt ready for anything.

Strange, yet not strange!

Selfishness and "halfness" in one person may upset many lives.

If you must weep, weep when you do wrong, not when you suffer it.

No man's circumstances were ever bettered by complaining of them. The obstacles to our progress are in our own natures, not in the circumstances of which we complain. All discontent grows out of a dependence on circumstances instead of ourselves.

Suffering is caused by resistance. Accept, and it immediately ceases.

Clouds in May have their compensations. Have you ever noticed laburnum against a background of slate-blue cloud ? It is an ecstasy, a poem in colour.

To-day has dreamed gloriously, and fallen asleep in the arms of night.

> The work of the world proceeding,
> And I but a looker-on,
> The life of the soul pervading,—
> Myself the pervaded one.

Content is not the absence of desire, but desire satisfied.

We have no right to limit the sphere of any human being. The capacity to attain carries with it the right to attain.

To be over-influenced by great men is as bad as being over-influenced by external nature. We endeavour to assume their personalities, and feel unhappiness as the result.

Never surrender your point of view to anyone, even momentarily. You will be wise enough for

your own needs if you are true to yourself, and other men's thoughts will be superfluous. It is only when we fall below ourselves that we need a trumpet call from without to restore us to sanity. At the same time it is satisfying to know that great men share our thoughts, and fortifies us on the path of progress.

No great man was ever a crank.

Competition is for pigmies. Giants stand alone.

What is the use of truth in a cup? That is all a creed is.

Give me the whole sea of it!

I haven't begun yet!

Cowardice springs from artificiality. The natural man is always brave.

Bodily shrinking from danger is nought, so long as the spirit does not acquiesce. Heroes suffer it and ignore it.

Courage is of the spirit, and independent of nervous sensations.

The truth can shame no man.

It is never worth while to tell the smallest verbal untruth for fear of being misunderstood.

Dishonesty is the expedient of weakness. The strong have no need to use it.

Extremes are bad, because extreme implies limit, and when the limit is reached one has to stop. That is impossible while life continues, for there can be no life without growth. As soon as a form has crystallised, therefore, it is necessary to discard it.

Doing is only important as it conduces to being.

No man ever sacrificed himself for his fellows primarily, but for the sake of the God in him, because he loved that, and dared not shame it.

As soon as I withdraw my eyes from the peaks I go wrong.

Curious that we often improve in character and happiness at the cost of worldly achievement. This only seems so.

That which is its own result will presently bring forth other results.

I am always best after I have been worst.

I can do least when I try most.

I am comfortable, and full of thought. In this state action seems a superfluity.

If freedom mean freedom for self-indulgence I would rather not have it.

To subdue self so utterly, as not to choose, but merely accept, is the path of happiness and peace.

Freedom without responsibility is a curse.

Never loosen the bands about any man unless you can give him a higher object for the employment of his energies.

Improved capacity for service is the supreme justification for liberty of action.

Only a great good justifies a great ill.

It requires a saint to convert a ruffian.

Devils can only be conquered by angels.

If one appear abstracted one is often asked what one is thinking about. I am rarely thinking of anything at all!

I begin by thinking, and then go to sleep in my mind, and become unconscious of time and my surroundings, and it appears to others as though I were engaged in profound reflection.

Nowhere does the sense of adventure steal on one so strongly as in a forest. In it is a subdued excitement, a mystic exaltation that makes each step a rapture, each vista a fresh promise of ecstasy.

No place on earth is so esoteric, so deeply protective, so near to God. Why, then, do we not retire more often there to rest? This balm for unquiet minds is the very home of peace, the haunt of a pregnant calm, the sanctuary of a divine and tender silence.

No man who loves nature is rightly called an agnostic.

No great man was ever a dreamer alone.

There must be an alternation of dreams and action, each mood drawing strength from the other.

To grow is to establish continually new precedents.

To be original and to be yourself are one.

Live deep.

Faith is to stand to one's own point of view, not to cling to the buttresses of other men's thoughts.

Be content to have a shabby seeming, if your being is vital.

Never allow a shell of custom to harden around you and hamper your movements.

All your actions should be new, and appropriate to the moment.

To keep one's consciousness continually fluid, to adhere neither to this nor to that, is to be vital.

Thoughts come in moments, but a spirit may abide continually.

Trust God. Even your faults and follies will help to make *you*.

The fool is the artificial person.

To seek to eradicate faults and acquire virtues shows lack of faith. Who are you to make divisions? Perhaps the part of your nature you refuse to own is the part necessary for the god to stand on, the part that is to add strength and richness to the whole, as manure is necessary for the growth of the plant.

Don't try to extract the husk from your wheat, you may take the goodness with it.

Some alloy is necessary to strengthen gold.

What an emasculate world it would be if there were nothing but virtue.

The wicked have their use in providing a foil to the good.

God made the body as well as the spirit.

What is your devil?—self-distrust.

He has ousted you from the kingdom of your nature all these years.

Never spurn a thought because you are afraid of it.

It may be the beam necessary to guide you on your next stretch of road.

Do not hesitate to broaden your boundaries.

The wider they are the more secure you will be.

Welcome all, you will never welcome too many.

Act continually on a fresh basis.

Always spurn old truths to grasp new ones.

I *am*, and that is my result.

# ESSAYS

# ESSAYS

## FUNDAMENTALS

The highest consummation to be attained by man, and, at the same time, his only happiness, is to be found in union with that universal spirit pervading all forms of nature, which is called God.

This is the idea underlying all religions.

The only evil that could possibly befall a man is separation from God.

Separation from God is caused by self-will, —by willing somewhat contrary to the will of God, which is the universal law, and cannot be escaped by any of His creatures.

Self-will, therefore, is sin, and the only sin.

There is no difference in the quality of sin.

All sin is of an equal blackness, inasmuch as it is self-will, resulting in separation from God.

What we have to fear, then, is separation from God, and what we have to desire is union with God.

That union with the divine that comes naturally to a man, which is his unconsciously, and according to the degree of which he is termed gifted or otherwise, is akin to that shared by the lower forms of nature, and is common alike to plants and animals.

By *willing* union with the divine,—by *conscious* surrender to God, man becomes part of Conscious Deity, which is Love.

Love presupposes consciousness.

Love is impossible in an unconscious state.

Herein, then, resides man's superiority over the other forms of nature,—he is part of Conscious Deity,—in one word, Love,—while they are only unconscious channels of the divine.

How could unconsciousness create consciousness? —it is as impossible as that death could create life.

An unconscious spirit could not create conscious creatures.

Conscious God, therefore, *must* exist prior to Conscious Man.

Conscious life *must* exist apart from its embodiment, as the incarnation could not take place of what did not exist!

This truth disposes of the idea that the Universal Spirit is a blind force, a mere mechanical law fulfilling its own routine.

It also negatives the notion that death brings unconsciousness to man.

His soul returns to Conscious God, from Whom it came, and is reunited with the Universal Spirit of Love, to Whom it belongs.

## FAITH AND DOUBT

Life and good are synonymous terms.

Death and evil are synonymous terms.

To follow good or evil,—the spiritual or the material,—is not to pursue two different realities, but to strive for something, or strive for nothing.

Why should we pursue a shadow when we might grasp a substance ?

Even the most deluded cannot fully believe the semblance to be real. No sane person can persuade himself he sees what he is turning his back on.

This is the origin of doubt.

Many are under the impression that faith is difficult of achievement, and that they must pray and agonise to obtain it.

The exact opposite is the truth.

Faith is inevitable when one is looking in the right direction. It is impossible to doubt the existence of what one actually sees.

## SPIRITUAL FREEDOM

To look at the positive instead of the negative in life, to follow good instead of evil, is the natural practice of spiritual sanity.

To believe in the divinity of a doctrine, that a rigid creed contains the whole of truth, is difficult, because instinct denies it, and instinct cannot be coerced.

In this position doubt is inevitable, for we are not looking at truth, but at a false idea of it.

Faith is generally supposed to consist in the acceptance of a certain body of doctrines revealed by some inspired prophet of old, reduced to a formula by his adherents, and labelled.

All are herded together to catch the ray of light that filtered through that one mind, regardless of the fact that the sun of truth was meant to shine on each one direct. Is it to be wondered at that intuition repudiates the pale reflection ?

Our souls are longing to turn to the infinite ocean of truth that surrounds all, and the Church teaches that only what is contained in the cup of that creed is real and authentic. This is a fatal doctrine.

We were created to absorb truth through the pores of our own natures,—it is spiritual breathing,

and as natural as physical breathing,—and when cut off from that atmosphere of truth our souls asphyxiate and die.

All forms of religion, while professing to inculcate faith, in reality engender doubt, by inducing the adoption of a wrong spiritual attitude.

We must not accept a stereotyped creed from outside, however inspired that creed may be. For we can only be certain of what we see ourselves, and that we cannot help believing.

To the spiritually free, faith is not a matter of choice, it consists in nothing more than an acceptance of the evidence of their (spiritual) senses.

## THE EVIL OF DIVISION

We are often afraid to study a new truth for fear it may overwhelm our previous opinions, and leave us without a buttress. Our little dyke against evil is in peril of being cut, and we are anxious to prevent it.

That barrier must be swept away if we are to find a foundation on truth. The painful virtue acquired by damming the evil in our natures, must be demolished before we can live sound and secure.

Divisions engender weakness.

Who are we, to say "I will be this part of myself, and not that"? We can no more divide in reality than it is possible to have an upper without an under.

The division we are so anxious to obtain is an artificial one. We would stamp out this quality, and develop that, and all we succeed in doing is killing our souls,—starving our natures. Each part is necessary to growth, and to the other part; the (so-called) evil strengthens the (so-called) good. Indeed, they belong to one another, and cannot be separated.

Be yourself, then, whole and undivided, and you will live in reality, not in seeming.

## AN ALLEGORY

A great, flowering spirit was rooted in a rich, earthy nature.

The fool came along, and said—"This soil is dark and dirty, I will separate the spirit from it and cleanse it." He did so.

The flowers faded, and the spirit died.

The wise man, beholding the same vision, said—"This mould may appear ugly to my sight, yet it

must have a seemliness of its own, for I do perceive that the spirit draws its nourishment from it."

So he left the spirit rooted in the earth, and it grew, and flourished, and brought forth many rare and beautiful flowers.

## RIGHT ATTITUDE

Here I affirm that nought is won except by sympathy.

If you have to fight, put yourself in sympathy with war; if you have to die, put yourself in sympathy with death.

Meet everything, welcome everything, love everything.

In all things you will see but a reflection of yourself.

Keep on extruding, banishing all that is not of your personality. Walk on sublimely, existing in it, revelling in it, resting in it, armed by it.

Summon your spirit from the souls of all men, and it shall rise to greet you everywhere, and you shall love and recognise it, and commune and sweetly unite with it,—your own, vast soul, smiling at you in all faces, laughing at you from the clouds

in heaven, defying you in its storms, caressing you in its sunlight.

Before that all shows of things will dissolve like mist before the rays of the sun.

It will always obey your summons because it must, because it is you, and cannot fail to unite with you.

## COMMUNION WITH NATURE

How is it that if a man gaze too long at a beautiful landscape he is seized with a yearning so painful that he is sometimes even moved to tears ?

It is that in surrendering his consciousness to externals he forsakes the God within him ; he abdicates his own nature to assume that of the sky and trees, and emptiness and pain are the result.

The soul cannot be filled from without ; the Holy Spirit cannot be received at second hand ; it wells up within us direct from the Source.

We, as men, are channels of the divine, and shall we go abegging from Nature what we already possess in a higher form ?

Are we not the embodiment of Conscious Deity, as she is the embodiment of Unconscious Deity ?

Absorption in nature, in its extreme state, becomes a trance in which we lose all sense of personal identity.

The detachment from the body which results from this blurring of personality, means an incapacity for working through the body. The soul becomes a stranger to its medium of expression, and no longer flows naturally forth into action.

To be a tonic and an inspiration nature should be enjoyed in *glances*, like those medicines that, taken in small doses, cure, but in large doses, poison.

A glance at nature breathing a divine unity, fortifies our human unity with the divine. We see God, and are intoxicated.

Our fulness communes with the fulness of Nature, who thus becomes our friend and comrade, not our master.

## PURITY OF ARTISTIC AIM

The object of all expression should be the rendering of universal truth.

Truth is cosmic, not chaotic; simple, not involved; tranquil, not frantic; universal, not personal; the heritage of all, not the secret of a few.

Such secrets as exist are those of method, not matter.

The truth behind the method should be instantly palpable, or the method stands self-condemned.

No man's manner of expression should hinder the apprehension of his message, or obscure its sense, but should illumine and assist it.

Truth is beauty, order, propriety, peace.

What can it have in common with the turbid and incoherent outpourings of the music and art of to-day ?

The same disease is vitiating all the arts. It is the disease of civilisation, of sophistication.

A great composition or a great picture should affect us as the great books do. The Bible, the philosophies of India and Greece, all the great affirmations of truth, are sublimely simple. They inspire us with their own sincerity and peace.

A deep calm, an impersonal majesty pervade them, which bring comfort to our souls, and conviction to our reason.

In proportion as this grandeur radiates from the work of art it has real and permanent significance.

All other manifestations are passing, mere froth on the waters of civilisation.

## RIGHT USE OF FEELING

All intense feeling should produce thought action.

If it begin and end in enjoyment it is waste of life.

The ecstasy of love,—the finite love of one for another,—should not be sought, for that which inspires affection may also cause hideous pain, and he who desires love and appreciation may secure it at a terrible cost.

If it come by the way it can be nothing but a blessing; but let a man angle for it, let him consciously invite it, and he is pledging his soul in order to win a passing sweetness, he is bartering his spiritual treasure for base coin. For only that love that springs up in spite of oneself is lasting, and that is eternal.

Think not you can miss love because you make no effort to gain it.

It will seek you and follow you whithersoever you go, if you remain but true to your own nature.

## ACCEPTANCE

It is never worth raising a finger to bring about a situation which you imagine would be favourable to yourself and make life easier.

The harm your character suffers from even a momentary dependence on outward things, far outweighs any good you might get from the change of circumstance.

As the beginning of self-realisation, look steadily away from circumstances, and ignore completely your own material interests.

You will lose nothing by it, and gain everything.

You will find you had allowed yourself to be burdened by a weight of the unessential which had stifled all growth, and that once you are free of that everything is possible. You are able to be a child again in spirit, and live in the present, and your soul expands and fills with happiness.

The pain and weariness you had hitherto felt was the suffering of your soul at being crushed and imprisoned.

When it is allowed freedom it soars and sings, and, in your light-heartedness, all the unnecessary troubles of the past seem a tragic dream, and life a delightful reality, independent of every earthly happening,—as it always was, only you were unaware of it.

## HUMANITY AND NATURE

When we reflect on the history of humanity,

and the fate of its noblest souls, life seems sombre and confused ; when we turn to inanimate nature, all things appear simple and joyous.

Some assert that the miracle of life constantly renewing itself, which makes nature such a happy spectacle, occurs also in humanity, and that each soul goes through a succession of reincarnations.

Even if this were true, the sense of personal identity is lost, and that is the very essence of human existence.

No man remembers his previous embodiments, if he had any ; he is himself alone.

Thus, the cutting off of noble souls, the martyrdom of saints and heroes appears an irretrievable calamity.

Whoever else may be born into the world, *they* are gone,—repaid for their sublime sacrifices with ignominy and a violent death. Whatsoever achievement may have been theirs, whatsoever pure joy their heroic deeds may have afforded them, their end has been anguish, their personality has perished. Nothing can alter that.

Others may arise to do great deeds, but they,—they never return.

And they knew that for them the sun would never shine again, nor the trees blossom. They knew they would wake no more—to speak, or smile.

Yet they accepted death with sublimity; embraced an incredible oblivion with a spirit that it rends the heart to think should have disappeared from the earth for ever!

That is why human history is inexplicable and troubling, why the serenity of nature seems inconsistent with it.

To attain tranquillity it is necessary to look beyond it, and fix our thoughts on the eternal.

## MOURNING

Mourning for the dead is a selfish indulgence.

On losing a friend, transfer your gaze immediately to a new object.

The world will say that this is unfeeling, but pay no heed to what the world says.

It is the highest form of courage not to regret a calamity we cannot alter, but to continue to employ all our energies as though nothing had happened.

"Our angels only go out, that archangels may come in." It is life we need, not that particular form we have lost.

To maintain this stoical attitude in the face of bereavement may cost an immense effort, but it will be repaid by a great sweetness of peace.

The waste of energy and emotion that occurs when death enters a household is terrible to contemplate.

Let us practise a brave acceptance of the inevitable, in this, as in other blows of fate.

## COURAGE NATURAL TO MAN

One hears on all sides the falsehood that the average man is a craven, and solicitous only for self-preservation. Should he behave creditably at a time of trial, he is extolled, admired, flattered as though his action were above human nature. It is solemnly accepted that courage is the attribute of heroes, who stand above the masses,—as if these differed in nature from their fellows, instead of being supremely sane and natural.

O my brothers, there is a hero in every man!

Appeal to that side of his nature, and it will inevitably respond. The only difference in men is in the strength of appeal that is necessary.

We are all possible angels, even the worst of us,—only it would take a veritable cataclysm to arouse the heroism of some men.

How deeply is your soul buried?—that is the question.

## THE PLAGUE OF MORBIDITY

Although so much is being done to stamp out the infectious diseases of the body, the exact opposite is taking place with regard to the mind.

In the old days the ravages of physical disease were unchecked, yet men's minds remained free and healthy. Such evil as they suffered emanated from their own breasts, and carried with it its own remedy and relief.

Now, the cheap press spreads the infection of unhealthy mentalities through the length and breadth of the land.

A rage for self-advertisement obscures the very basis of spiritual life, which rests in humility.

The temptation to young workers to see their names placarded, their features reproduced, is insistent and demoralising. Their fine disinterestedness is lost, and their promise spoilt by the prevailing self-consciousness.

Where are the reminders that the spiritual world is the only real world, and the soul merely a passer-by on this earth ?

Who warns us that even scientific achievement is worthless except as it conduce to the elevation of character ?

Few and small, indeed, are the voices that hold

this tenour, and, overwhelmed by the tide of worldliness that sweeps our minds from all quarters, we pay little heed to them or their warning.

Civilisation is degenerating into a scientific materialism which ignores the spirit, and turns its back on reality.

What shall stay the process ?

Surely nothing but the tonic of national calamity.

## UNITY VERSUS UNIFORMITY

Those persons who would destroy all boundaries between yours and mine, and pool the interests of humanity, are trying to force an artificial unity by arbitrary alteration of material circumstances. As if unity were dependent on outward conditions, were not a peculiarity of the spiritual, as opposed to the material world !

A man is united in himself when he is in harmony with the Universal Spirit, which is one and indivisible. His first duty is concerned with his relation to his Creator, and comes before any duty to his fellow man.

The unity of nations, as of individuals, must proceed from their spiritual oneness, not from any

outward uniformity. Each type requires its own, peculiar environment, and rules of life. Condemned to a set of ready-made conditions alien to its individuality, it is doomed to atrophy, not to harmonious progress.

The destruction of personality which results from the securing of uniform conditions of life, induces the quiet of death, the stillness of negation,—quiescence, not acquiescence.

The attempt to persuade men that the same conditions are applicable to all, and a world-state a desirable ideal, is as if one should maintain that the same kind of food is best for all the inhabitants of the earth, regardless of climate and occupation. It would feed us all from the same trough.

The greater the variety existing between men's circumstances and interests, the higher will be their spiritual development, and the more unhampered the workings of that Spirit which is the true source of peace and unity.

To secure the peace of the world, encourage material differences,—that is, permit unfettered freedom of development to all.

Thus will spiritual unity be achieved.

Where there already exists unity of spirit between men, as between scattered parts of the same nation,—*i.e.*, a mother country and her colonies,—

by all means let this find expression in materialities.

These should follow the spiritual, standing, as they do, in the relation of effect to the spiritual cause.

## WAR AND PEACE

If perpetual peace should reign on earth, it would imply an emasculation and degradation among the nations which would be the prelude to their extinction. To exalt material life and security above honour, is so base that no great nation could permanently subscribe to it. Sooner or later it would throw off all fetters, and stand forth, armed, in defence of its own honour.

"He that loseth his life shall find it." There is no school for the development of the heroic in man, for teaching him the meaning of losing his life and thereby finding it, that can compare with that of war!

Is not friction a strong tonic? Does it not quicken vitality, sharpen intelligence, strengthen faith? Aye! in time of trouble we call unto our Lord, in time of attack we exert ourselves in defence.

No spiritual conflict can take place without its physical counterpart. Material life must be a

reflex of the life of the soul, and the man or nation that desires spiritual freedom must be prepared to use physical strength to that end.

Until all are made alike, (and this would probably be even more dangerous to peace), the peoples of the earth must strive to realise each their own ideal, and to defend that ideal from all attack or aggression by promoters of a differing, or antagonistic one. They must be prepared to go any lengths in guarding it, even to the surrender of life itself. They must resist all conditions that threaten to extinguish it, or dim its brightness.

That being so, how can war be avoided ?

What prospect can there be of continuous peace ?

None !

Peace belongs to eternity, and is of the spirit. The soul may remain tranquil through all the conflicts of mortal life, but these can only end with death.

So, only with the disappearance of humanity from the face of the earth, can war become a thing of the past.

Men may forge other weapons for their strife, but the result will be always the same,—periodical conflict, with the survival of the fittest.

## SEX

The statement that men do not understand women, and women do not understand men is foolish.

First and foremost, both are human beings, and can meet on that immense ground, and find endless points of contact therein.

After reading what is written about sex nowadays, one is tempted to regard the opposite sex as strange animals, until one meets a specimen so obviously human that one understands him willy nilly, and realises that his sex is but an accident of birth, as incomprehensible to himself as to you.

I am not my body any more than you are yours.

I have a surface familiarity with it, my physical sensations are bound up in it, but it is not I.

I am a spirit inhabiting it, and must have more affinity with every other spirit than I could possibly have with this material body.

I contemplate it as my own particular machine, and endeavour to keep it in good going order, but am not identified with it.

Neither is a member of the opposite sex identified with his body. Probably its form and functions do not fill him with enthusiasm, its lusts and appetites cause him a great deal of inconvenience,

but he is forced to make the best of them, and try to minimise their evil results to his real,—*i.e.*, spiritual—life.

We are all spirits first, inhabiting, it is true, two species of material tabernacles, but though our souls work through differing mediums, they are the same in essence :—spirit, as opposed to matter, —a part of the Universal Soul,—viewless, bodiless, eternal.

## WOMAN IN FICTION

The novels of the day present one fault, in the delineation of their heroines, with remarkable unanimity.

These women possess great characters, without an ideal,—extraordinary individualities, they are made to appear content to live ordinary lives. This pitfall is the result of an attempt to combine the traditional limitation of woman's sphere, with the acknowledgment that women, equally with men, are capable of possessing genius and individuality.

The poor heroine may possess an artist's soul, but domestic bliss must represent the limit of her ideals. With far higher mental powers than her

lover, she must willingly consent to abandon her task in order to assist him with his inferior one.

It is time this impossible conception were swept away, together with the base tradition that has caused it. To represent it as right that the greater should be sacrificed to the less, that the fine soul should be doomed to unfulfilment simply because clothed in a woman's form, is a cynical denial of the lordship of spirit over matter. The great soul,—any soul,—must be permitted freedom of development irrespective of the sex of its possessor. That, one would imagine, would be a truism. Yet it is consistently denied in a large number of novels, the authors of which are often women, who, while possessing a vocation of their own, deny the need of such to their gifted heroines, and, by implication, to the actual women of the world.

When will it be understood that a profession is no more incompatible with domestic life in a woman, than it is in a man? Marriage does not interfere with the giving of a man's message to his kind; he is big enough for both lives, each developing different sides of his character.

The same applies to a woman. She has as many-sided a personality as a man, and this demands as varied an activity.

Hence, the profound gap between woman's life as represented in fiction, and woman's life as it is,—and will increasingly be in the future.

## A POLITICAL CREED

I believe in the destruction of the unfit to secure the survival of the fit.

I believe in government by one wise man, not in misgovernment by a majority of fools.

I believe in the election of a king, not in hereditary monarchy; that king to be elected from the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy of the nation by the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy of the nation.

I believe in exalting honour before material security.

I believe in the turning of men's thoughts from scientific achievement to the training of the will and character.

I believe in the substitution of spiritual dominion for material aggrandisement in the aim of the private individual.

I believe in a government that demands sacrifices, not in one that confers benefits,—to sacrifice him-

self being the highest benefit that can accrue to any human being.

I believe in a chance being given to each soul to prove itself, and hold the position its worth merits.

I believe in the abolition of all forms of competition, each person striving to fulfil himself, and thus becoming more and more unlike his neighbours, not conforming to a conventional pattern.

I believe in the tossing of trifling and artificial amusements on the scrap heap, and in turning to nature for recreation and refreshment.

I believe in the substitution of universal ends for private ends, the people being taught that therein, and therein alone, lies the true secret of happiness and well-being.

# SONNETS

# SONNETS

## MY MEADOW

Girt round with lonely fields, and hedges white
  With tangled sprays of rose-buds, all unknown
My meadow lies, its ditches overgrown
  With nettles, and its undulations bright
With myriad, swaying grasses, catching light
  From the sun's rays. Oft I gather here, alone,
The wondrous wild flowers prodigally sown
  To bloom and wither far from human sight.
Oh what a wealth of loveliness revealed
  Repays the wanderer for his weary miles!
So in the mind of man its treasures lie
  Beyond wide fields of thought, and over stiles
Of self-effacement, joys that never die
  Feeding his spirit from their source unsealed.

## CHANGE

(On leaving Llewenl Hall, August 31, 1915.)

I leave the meadows and the hills behind,—
  The wooded valley's mystic, sheltering calm
That soothes the fretted spirit like a balm,—
  And seek the life-work I may never find.
Farewell to farmstead, and to all the kind,
  Sweet sympathy that held me with its charm !
I go to where the ocean chants a psalm
  Of action and of daring to the mind ;
To where the tide of life rolls gloriously,
  Breaking in anguish on a stony shore ;
To where the soul may rise to heights sublime,
  And reign above the storms of destiny !
Thus, driving onward, still I strive to climb
  Nearer those dreams that beckon ever more.

## THE WOOD OF DEATH

Beneath a stormy, sunset-coloured cloud
  The Wood of Death sweeps, solemn, to the sky.
Here do the sweet wild creatures come to die,
  Where ferns and grasses make their secret shroud
Far from the haunts of men, and noisy crowd
  Of worldlings ; where the winds of heaven sigh
In mystic cadence as they wander by,
  A symphony not heeded by the proud.
The quiet, protective shade of many trees
  Broods deep o'er Nature's children ; holy ground
Gives she for burial, for she loves her own !
  May I, when death comes, far from sight or sound
Of human eye or ear, lie there alone,
  With these for comrades, and the vagrant breeze.

## THE PATH

The narrow, winding path among the ferns
  Of some old forest glade I oft-times tread,
Where all is mystery, and noise has fled
  To far-off places ; where the spirit yearns
For sweet, forgotten truths, and peace returns
  To the uplifted mind.—Or, instinct-led,
I wander lonely moors, explore the dread,
  Bold crags of mountains, where the sunlight burns.
So draw me to Thee by a private way
  My God, which only Thou and I shall know !
And try me high, where faith alone can find
  A path across the icy waste of snow,
And peaks of self-abasement. In the blind,
  Fierce struggle still Thy strength shall be my stay.

## THE DESERTED BEACH

The haunt of sunbeams, and of birds whose swift
  Wings score the air with light, and sudden, set
Sparks in the misty distance, o'er the wet
  Sandbanks and azure of the sea,—whose lift
Mantles an ancient wreck, with yards adrift,
  And skirts of seaweed, one mast standing yet
To point a hapless finger of regret.
  Behind, the sandhills that the breezes sift,
And then wide sweeps of sand, an open space
  Stretching broad arms to meet the lonely sea,
Whose surf breaks ever in a wordless song.
  Here do the spirits of eternity
Find in the winds and waves a trysting-place,
  And whisper secrets as they stray along.

## WHAT IS CHARM?

Charm is shy promise, mystery, surmise;
  The haunting smile upon a thoughtful face
Veiling a look of pain; the shadowy trace
  Of suffering bravely borne, which yet may rise
Triumphant o'er the soul which it denies;
  The natural impulse of a childlike grace
That all unconscious steals itself a place
  In hearts that else were closed; the sweet surprise
Of all spontaneous action; in a word,
  Suggestion:—but of what, he only knows
Who learns to trace the Universal Soul
  In all things, for from that all beauty flows!
All worth! All charm! which freely is conferred
  On him who seeketh union with the Whole.

## LONGING

Oh ! for the friend I left so carelessly,
  Glad-eyed and merry on a summer's morn !
Now to her memory my thoughts are drawn
  As to a magic that should set me free.
Daily I wander by the cruel sea,
  Stung by an anguish that can scarce be borne ;
Lonely and desolate, my heart is torn
  With longing that she might come back to me ;
That I might hold her in a close embrace,
  Might fondle her, and kiss her cheeks and hair !—
Foolish to think I had no need of aught
  Save nature's loveliness to banish care ;
Now I'd give all this beauty that I sought
  For but one glimpse of that belovéd face !

## THE SEA AT EVENING

Ringed by a cloudy bank of sombre grey
  The ocean stretches, vast, remote, and sad.
But few hours since 'twas sunbeam-kissed and glad,
  Tossing a frolic head in airy play ;
Now all the sparkling revels of the day
  Are things forgot, and e'en the thoughtless lad,
Gazing at that stern face, might rue the mad,
  Fond pranks of youth, and sobered take his way.
Like to the face of death it seems,—asleep,—
  And dreaming hidden things we fain would know,
Immortal truths, whose far-off vision thrills
  The soul with rapture which doth deeper glow
As we absorb that majesty that fills
  The wide and solemn spaces of the deep.

## THE PLACARD

### February, 1915

"Valerian in Action. British Ship
  Sinks German Cruiser."—Breathlessly my gaze
Clings to those words that sting me like a whip,
  Burning to rapture and a wild amaze.
Is it his chance at last? My dear! My dear!
  Only an armed liner! Who would have thought
You'd get your chance when chances are so rare!
  I knew how great your need, how fierce you fought
The agony that men should dare believe
  You loved your life too well; you hid it deep.
And now, if you have fallen, shall I grieve?
  *Can* I, when you'll be smiling in your sleep
To think at last your honour should be free? . . .
  Give me a paper, quick!—and let me see!

## PASSION

Like to the surges of the unchained deep
  Roll the fierce floods of feeling, icily
Drenching the soul with pain, and heavily
  Plunging the body's senses into sleep.
Swept beyond the blesséd power to weep,
  Engulfed in more than mortal agony,
The spirit yearneth only to be free,
  Drowned in a deep oblivion that might keep
The soul a stranger to its own despair,
  Numbed in forgetfulness. Ah, bitter woe
That life should hold such anguish for the strong,
  Such dreadful payment for its pleasures rare !
The thoughtless little reck how keen a throe
  May go to making of a poet's song.

## WORK

To many, nothing but a Juggernaut
  Grinding men's souls beneath its cruel wheels ;
To me, a longed-for good, a hope that steals
  Like sunrise through the darkness of my thought,
Beckoning me to rise from where I sought,
  And seek it yet again ; the balm that heals
The sore of self ; the outlet that unseals
  The soul's pent forces, bringing wrong to nought !
Alas ! I sink in dreams for lack of it ;
  I drift among the wreckage on life's shore
Unused, my treasure all unspent !—And now,
  Shall I not aid in England's need before
I pass into the night ? Will God permit
  The waste of any creature He endow ?

## TRIBUTE

I thank thee for that influence, my friend,
  That ever will remain, when thou depart,
A thing of beauty treasured in the heart,
  Which may not be discarded to the end!
A memory of kindness that doth lend
  Enchantment to a friendship's happy start,
Of sympathy and insight that no art
  Could better in the sweetness of its blend.
To some on earth a harmony doth cling,—
  The rare aroma of a spirit fine,—
That radiates its blessing all around,
  And raises, as it touches, everything.
Of such art thou!—be thy example mine
  When thy dear voice no more for me shall sound!

## EXPECTANCY

Over the edge of the known, ever more
  To the unknown I wend, snatching, glad-eyed,
At the skirts of Adventure, till she decide
  To humour me and grant me of her store.
I pass enchanted through the open door
  Of dreams, and see the world untried,
A place to dare,—and curious beside,
  With ever further wonders to explore ;
A place to play in, and its toys old fears
  And foolish notions, dusty creeds and books ;
A place to triumph in, with faith for shield,
  And conquest easy as the running brooks
To gallantry that never thinks to yield,
  Advancing all undaunted down the years.

# OTHER LYRICS

## TO SILENCE

Could I but choose a comrade through the years,
Sweet Silence ! I would pray, with tears,
Thy pure companionship might wrap me round,
Shielding me from the clanging din
Of action in a world of sin,
That so my tired mind from restless sound
To peace might win.

A silence not that strains the listening ear
With sense of emptiness and fear,
But comforts it with Nature's whisperings,—
With sound of winds and lapping seas,
And songs of birds, and rustling trees
Confused in all delicious murmurings
That soothe and please.

## LAMENT FOR THE DAY

My beautiful Day
Passeth away !
Oh, whither away
Goeth my Day ?—
Nought has been wrought,
Nought has been sought,
No battle fought !—
Only I thought !—
And silently caught
The sigh of the Day
As she faded away.

## DREAMS

The cup of my vitality
How oft doth overflow,
And drain itself in phantasy,
And dream and other woe.

My pity and my sorrow too,
I cast them light away,
And spill my pleasure and my rue
Adown a wasted day.

O God ! wilt Thou the pitcher pour,
And use the heart Thou gave ?
Then dreams shall yet be deeds before
I pass unto the grave !

## THE IDEAL

I hear a sound of passing feet,
Is it she whom I would greet ?
Where she goeth I must go
Beauty doth intrigue me so.

Still I follow where she leads,
Be it on to gallant deeds ?
Then I'll essay them laughingly,
Succeed or fail undauntedly,

Both my delight and my despair
Centred in that magic, rare,
That for ever doth depart
Before the strivings of the heart !

I hear a sound of passing feet,
Is it she whom I would greet ?
Where she beckoneth I must go,
Beauty doth enchant me so.

## MOODS

Asleep, and not asleep !—pent in a mood,
Drowned in a deep abstraction, that like lead,—
A leaden stillness,—weighs on limbs and brain.

Asleep, and not asleep !—caught in a dream,
Sunk in a maze of visions,—thoughts that seem
More real than Life, holding my mind astrain.

Asleep, and not asleep !—dead to the world,
Called to a lofty Duty, that hath hurled
The body senseless, summoning the Soul !

Asleep, and not asleep !—cradled in Peace,
Lapped in a sea of Life, wherein I cease,
And God exists,—His Love encircling all !

## AFFINITY

The racing wind, the dancing sea,
Exist alike to comfort me !
The rustling wheat, the swaying tree,
Each moves in hidden harmony :
With that diviner, loftier Me :
That knoweth why the winds are free,
That feeleth what it cannot see,
That yearneth evermore to be
Absorbed in its own mystery !—
Rememb'ring nought of me and thee
In that immortal ecstasy
That prophesies the Life to Be.

## NIGHTFALL

The great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,
Seeking the soul that once with him communed,
Sweeping the stars, and calling where, beneath,
The big trees murmur, to the stars attuned.—

" Where is the spirit that enticeth me ? "
" Come, thou belovéd, to my mighty arms ! "
" Together will we race across the sea,"
" Raising great storms where formerly were calms."

" Wilt thou not kiss thy lover 'mid the spray "
" Of tumbling breakers on a moonlit beach,"
" Or hear him breathe, in some enchanted bay,"
" That love that to the firmament doth reach ? "

The great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,
Seeking the soul that spake with him at noon,
Sweeping the stars, and sinking where, beneath,
The big trees whisper dirges to the moon.

## SONG

Hooray, O world, hooray !
You never can take away
What steals to me
From the breath of the sea,
And the scent of a laden tree.

Depart, O friend, depart !
Thou knowest nought of his heart
Who loves to gaze
On the far-off haze
That softens the summer days.

Alas, fond world, alas !
*You* cherish the joys that pass ;
*My* pleasures be
The chant of the sea,
And the wind on the lonely lea.

## THE WIND

Oh, the freshness of the Wind !
How it bloweth, how it bloweth !
Oh, the freedom of the Wind !
Where it goeth no man knoweth !

When it rusheth, 'tis a gale
That crieth ocean " Hail,"
And lasheth up the seas.
When it sporteth, 'tis a breeze.
When it sigheth, 'tis a sound
Of spirits whisp'ring round.
'Tis monstrous in its might
When it shouteth to the night.

Oh the freshness of the Wind !
How it bloweth, how it bloweth !
Oh, the freedom of the Wind !
Where it goeth no man knoweth !

## SNOW

Falling snow !
Softly blow
Flakes about the silent air.
Gleaming white
In the light,
All the earth's a pageant rare.

Peaceful noon !
Softly strewn
O'er the earth a carpet pure.
Fairer scene
Ne'er hath been ;
Would its beauty might endure.

## MIST

Fairy-footed mist
Stealeth o'er the land ;
Always where I look,
Never where I stand.

## THE POET

Who would not a poet be ?
Wing'ng high
To the sky,
Spirit purely elevated,
Universal, concentrated,
Leaps the bounds of finity
Seeking for divinity.
Who would not a poet be ?

Who would still a poet be ?
Drooping low
Under woe,
Breaking heart in human sorrow,
Hoping for no earthly morrow,
Bound to unrealities,
Crushed by trivialities,
Who would still a poet be ?

## RHAPSODY

O there are many the world calls great
Who are not great !—poets, and artists, and thinkers.
They rave of *Love*,—Love, the all-powerful
Motive force of mankind ;
They prate of *Love*,—Love, the earthly desire
Of flesh for flesh, of sex for sex.

He knows not Love who narrows it to the individual !—
Love that is infinite, universal,
In all and through all,
A shining light burning through mists of sense
With a pure, spiritual gleam ;
A sweet, eternal steadfastness beaming alway
Through the mere shows of things !—
The More-than-man that dwells in man,
And lights its flame in man,
Who, not knowing God from creature,
Spirit from sense, pours adulation,
Burns and strives for the *Individual*,—
That vase that holds the oil,—
That screen the light shines through
In multi-coloured hues of thought and action.

Oh, the tragedy !—the base blindness
Of mixing form with Spirit !—
Of calling Love,—of *daring* to call *Love*
That lustful passion for a mere person,
For a particular vehicle of God,
Which, blind to all the sea that flows around,—
That shoreless sea of Spirit which *is Love*,—
Magnifies some small pool found in the rocks,
Prostrates itself in adoration
Before just that form, caught by a gleam
Of passing sympathy struck from its bright surface.

Is not God contained in all men ?
Does not His Spirit
Permeate the whole of nature,
Breathe through *all* forms of life ?
Wherefore elect to narrow Love
To a single incarnation, not cherish it in each :
In proportion it appears in each ?—thus recognising
The divine immensity, the omnipresence of Love,
That walks the earth in myriad forms, in each one manifest
To him whose eyes are open to adore.

Oh, poets ! poor, blind fools, who wail
Of broken hearts, and fill the air

With plaints of lovers parted,
Love now dead for ever.—Talk no more
As if Love wooed thee not from every face
Alight with spiritual glory! Shame not man!
Confound not sensual lust with heavenly Love!
Cease hymning the particular
Save in its relation to the Whole.
Turn to the Universal, and find Love
That fails not ever, and can ne'er run dry
And mock the thirsty seeker.
O pluck the giant error that has flourished
From earliest times unchecked.
Prostrate yourselves in worship before the divine,
Immeasurable Sea of Love
That is our Life, and should aye be our Joy!

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